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Editors' Note

The 2006 Curry Arts Journal editors, like the contributors to this issue, are a diverse group of writers and artists. We have worked together to bring our individual skills and knowledge to each submission. Together, we have shared our areas of expertise; the writers among us have learned much about evaluating visual art, while the artists have gained insight into the writing process. As we worked, we strove to select only the best of the submissions so that the faculty, students, families, and friends of Curry College could enjoy a superior edition. Now as we offer the end result, we concede we are not perfect and that our mission, like the artists', was to create something better than ourselves. We hope we have succeeded.

Again, this year's literary submissions numbered close to one-hundred, and the care and hard work put into every piece was evident. Unfortunately, we were unable to publish everything that crossed our desks. In order to maintain a high level of quality for the *Journal*, we are too often forced to refuse pieces that while full of heart and vision need a little extra love and attention. If your submissions do not appear here, do not despair. We strongly encourage you, along with any new voices we haven't heard from, to submit your work for consideration in future editions.

We also encourage students to consider becoming *Curry Arts lournal* staff members by enrolling in the practicum. This academic year marked the third year of the practicum as a two-credit course. Professor Karen D'Amato continued as both faculty advisor and practicum instructor, while we participated in all aspects of the journal's production. Some of our duties included hand-selecting the pieces that would be chosen by a faculty panel for publication, editing the final selections, and arranging them in an organic order that we felt would please the reader. We worked diligently in and out of the classroom to produce the *Journal* in a timely fashion.

This year, we offered workshops during our scheduled meeting times as well as tutorial appointments with practicum member Molly Antonio to offer potential contributors constructive criticism prior to submitting their work. We hope to see more students making use of these opportunities to improve their writing. Like the faculty and staff at Curry, the *Journal* wants students to succeed and does what it can to assist all who come to us in reaching their artistic goals.

In addition to running workshops and tutorials, we visited classrooms to promote the Journal and encourage students to submit their work. In a special effort, practicum members J. Kennedy and Kasey Richards solicited work from fellow artists for our additional spring deadline. We were also involved in publicity and planning for a fall coffeehouse and a spring poetry reading. The coffeehouse, in collaboration with Curry's poetry and music club Uncensored Soul, took place in the Old Bookstore during a major snowstorm; it was attended by loyal members and friends nonetheless. The reading, in collaboration with Levin Library and the Humanities Faculty Reading Series, was a large, festive April event in honor of National Library Week and National Poetry Month. Held in the library's group study area, it included readings of Curry Arts Journal selections by some of this year's poets, open mike readings of original work by other student poets, and readings of original or favorite poems by Curry Arts Journal staff and Curry faculty members. This exciting assembly of subjects, styles, voices, and cultures was a feast for the senses and a success for all concerned. We would like to thank Library Director Hedi BenAicha for initiating this wonderful collaboration and Humanities Chair Sandy Kaye for sponsoring the event. We look forward to next year's collaborations and to seeing even more faces at the podium and in the audience.

Concerning the *Journal's* production, we have again received valuable help from individuals at the Office of Institutional Advancement, namely design intern Laura Brightman, who commenced with the Quark work this spring; staff photographer Brian Winchester, who expertly photographed the artwork and completed

the layout and production this summer; and designer Rosemarie Valentino, who oversaw the project. We were lucky to have Laura on board and learning and Brian returning to work wonders under Rose's patient supervision.

In closing, we wish to thank the following individuals for their generous help with this edition: literary faculty judges Jeannette DeJong, Dorria DiManno, Michelle Gabow, Dorothy Fleming, Sandy Kaye, Jeannette Landrie, Lori Lubeski, and David Miller for their time, their sensitive reading of texts, and their useful comments toward revision; faculty editor David Miller who generously extended his commitment to include editing and proofreading before press time; and visual arts faculty judges Laurie Alpert and Iris Kumar for their time, expertise, and encouragement of student artists. This year, we would especially like to thank them for soliciting and collecting submissions for our additional spring deadline, and thank Iris Kumar in particular for guiding her students in their creative cover designs and for meeting with us during the selection process. This is the first time we are including ceramics among the visual art selections, and our thanks go out to Elizabeth Strasser for inspiring the ceramic artists whose work appears in this edition.

We also wish to thank Professors Sandy Kaye and Karen D'Amato, Coordinators of the First-Year Writing Prize, for forwarding this year's top essays for our review. The two first-place essays for 2006 appear here with the authors' consent. We are also happy to have received permission from many of the other winners to consider their essays for the 2007 edition. Our thanks go out to the faculty judges who along with Sandy Kaye and Karen D'Amato alected these insightful pieces; they are Jeff Di Iuglio, Dorothy Heming, Kate Seward, and Gabrielle Regney.

Our thank yous would not be complete without acknowling Hedi BenAicha and his library staff for providing the practicum with a friendly meeting place as well as access to a library computer lab, the Student Government Association for its continued commitment of funding, and Fran Gately and Rosemarie Valentino

of the Office of Institutional Advancement for their continued commitment of time and resources to *Curry Arts Journal*. Finally, we would like to thank Dean David Fedo, Humanities Chair and Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye, and English Coordinator William Russo for their continued support of the practicum. The structured, for-credit arrangement encouraged us to stay on task and enhanced our dedication to process and product. Though neither is perfect, we hope you agree that due to our efforts and the support of the campus community *Curry Arts Journal 2006* is a quality student publication full of diverse themes and original voices.

Sincerely,

Molly Antonio
Tricia Earnshaw
Kiernan Joyce
J. Kennedy
Ashley Parker
Sheana Preston
Kasey Richards
The Curry Arts Journal Editors



We would like to dedicate this year's edition to

Dr. Joseph L. Schneider, July 3, 1942 - May 10, 2006.

An English professor at Curry from 1968 until his sudden death this spring, he was one of the funniest and most inspiring teachers many of us ever had.

Grandfather

By Tricia Earnshaw

This year's Curry Arts Journal Practicum students have awarded Grandfather" a special commendation for excellence in writing.

Read to me, he says. With hesitance etched Across my face, I take out my poems. They are rough around The edges and aren't Ready to be spoken. Read to me, he says. Im getting older And won't be on this earth For much longer. Sorrow shows in his eyes. My reluctance falters, And as I part my lips to read He says, Please read to me. I just want to hear the sound

Of your voice.

Refuge

By Tricia Earnshaw

In the background the ocean melts As the sun sets on the horizon. It casts its fiery show of Flaming rays across the rippling Points of the water, concluding The trials of the day. And I

Find myself in your arms.
We lean against the damp
Railing of the beach house
And watch the rigorous crash
Of the waves fall to the sand
Beneath the foam. And I

Feel secure for the moment.
The chill of the evening washes
Over us and you pull me closer.
I feel your wet breath against
My ear, soft as a whisper.
The darkness of the new

Night sweeps over the house And then over us, the heat Of the distant sun leaves us In shadows. But, just for the Moment, in the affection of Your arms, I am protected.

Wedding Day

By Tara Jones

I take another deep breath to prevent myself from getting sick. The tightness of my dress doesn't help the situation. My mother gives me a glowing smile only causing me to feel more nauseous. The smell of fresh cut roses is pungent in the air and is the only thing that seems to relax me. The smell brings me back to my childhood, when after every ballet recital I danced in, I would receive pink roses from my dad. Those days were so simple.

This can't be happening.

I eagerly pour myself another glass of champagne, and franti-

"Be careful, Chloe! You're going to spill that champagne all over your dress!"

"I'm aware, Mom."

Does anyone notice how desperate I am? Of course not, because everyone is too busy buzzing around, adding the finishing touches to their makeup, and putting their jewelry on. My hands have been shaking since I woke up, and the only comment I have received is, "Oh, your manicure looks fabulous!" I have come to the conclusion that everyone is choosing to ignore my silent desperation in an attempt to convince themselves that I am okay.

"Doesn't she look like the most ideal bride ever!" glows

I look in the full-length mirror. Yes, I do look like the perfect bride, or at least my mother's version of what a bride should look like. My glossy blonde hair that I usually wear down is tightly planted up in a bun. The idea is that if my hair is up in a bun, then my veil can crown it. My dress is pure white (a color I seldom wear), and is delicately framed to fit my upper body to a T until it cascading down from my waist, forming a bell shape. Unlike the current sleeveless trend in wedding dresses, mine has long leaves, and a shy v-neckline. The train of my dress is the most eyembling part. It is ten feet long, and requires at least five people to the train of the current sleeveless. The embroidery is impeccable. The silk threads combined

with the pearls woven in the fabric give the impression that the dress is glowing. That was the very reason my mother had purchased the dress. Her exact words were, "You look like an angel!" I had been relieved at the time that at least something about me glowed.

As my mother fastens a pearl necklace around my neck, I gasp. The pearl necklace feels more like chains.

"William is going to die when he sees you! I've never seen you look so beautiful!" my bridesmaid Nancy gushes.

The thought of seeing William just adds to one of the many knots in my stomach. I know that William will think I look beautiful, because he had a say in everything, from my dress to how I would wear my hair, because like my mother he is all about appearances and wants everything to be perfect. All he cares about is leaving a good impression on people; he doesn't ever care what I want. William and my mother have a lot in common; they have elatedly planned the whole wedding together. They should both do me a favor and get married, because they are perfect for each other. Unlike all the other brides-to-be, I'm not constantly discussing my wedding plans or bragging about how perfect my life is going to be after I'm married to William, because I don't feel that way. All I wanted was a small, simple ceremony, where I would actually know all the guests. The wedding guest list includes over 600 people, and I don't even know half of them. To my mother's delight, the mayor is attending.

How did I get myself into this?

It was only a year ago that William had proposed to me. We were at my parents' house. My mom and dad were sponsoring a huge benefit. While dinner was being served, William stood up and started to propose a toast. To my astonishment, instead of actually proposing a toast, he proposed to me, in front of everyone, all 500 guests! I was too baffled to even respond. He didn't even wait for me to answer as he placed the princess-cut, diamond ring on my finger. I didn't know what to say. I was completely on the spot, and the idea of marriage with him wasn't exactly on my agenda. When I saw my mother motioning me to say yes, I had just robotically nodded before he kissed me, finalizing the engagement. Ever since that night, I could never find a way to talk to William about how I feel.

I knew when I first started going out with him he wasn't the one for me. He was too serious. William, who just graduated from law school, comes from an affluent family (which my parents love), and is cultured. His personality is too bland as well. Everything has to be black or white with him. He is all about presenting himself well and keeping his family name in good standing. Even though William says he loves me all the time, I don't think he does. He never even took the time to get to know me. We never joke around with each other or share funny stories, and everything has to be so arious all the time. Last week I tried to get him to go to the beach with me, and he wouldn't go. Instead he chose to sit at his laptop.

I constantly find myself getting jealous of girls who have boyfriends who aren't afraid to shove a snowball in their face, or tokle them right when they're about to say something important. I need a guy like that in my life, because all William does is stress me out instead of making me laugh.

I met William on a blind date, set up by no other than my mother. She always pushed me to date guys who are extremely successful, and who come from good families. When I first met William, I actually really liked him. I felt secure with him. Unlike all my other boyfriends, he was not intimidated by my Ivy League discation and my arrogant family. At the time, I liked the idea of being with someone that I didn't have to worry about. He was like on escape for me, but now I realize that he was never an escape—just a trup. There is no excitement in our relationship; there is only impriness.

My mother has pressured me tremendously my whole life to be the best, and this is no different. Marriage is the ultimate brag eight for her. She would never hear of her only daughter not getting mothed, especially to someone like William. Since he made such a toldic proposal, my mother would not tolerate being embarrassed to having to explain why her daughter wouldn't marry a nice boy like William. My dad is no help either, because like me he is so used to long bullied and told what to do by my mom that he just takes it.

The church is already packed, and the ceremony is about to fine. The bridal party is starting to line up, and my mother has finally refired to her bench. My father proudly walks over to me

and kisses me on my cheek. Everything is becoming too real for me now. I have to get out of here!

"You look absolutely gorgeous, sweetheart," he says with tears in his eyes.

The guilt mounts as I stare at my father. I have to turn away from him, so he won't see the solemn expression on my face. He is the only one throughout my life who has understood me. No matter what, he is proud of me; this is something that I truly appreciate. With him I don't have to act like a perfect lady, or an Ivy League scholar. I can just be myself: the girl who loves to eat chocolate ice cream every night at midnight and still laughs hysterically at Disney movies. I could come home with a black eye and he'd be proud. He even let me play softball for one season instead of taking ballet, but that didn't last too long because my mother wanted me to be a prima ballerina. He is the only person who has kept me sane throughout this whole wedding process.

"Are you okay, honey? You look a little pale?"

"It's just the dress, Dad. It's washing me out."

"All right, then. You just seem a little nervous, that's all. I guess that's normal though, it being your big day and all."

I want to cry out to him, and tell him that I can't go through with marrying William. I know if I marry him I will be trapped in a life I don't want. All I ever wanted growing up was to study abroad and travel the world. I always wanted to get away from attending parties my mom made me go to, and the boring classes she made me take. My whole life I've been pleasing other people, and I have had enough! Now history is repeating itself; instead this time William is replacing my mom.

My heart starts pounding as the bridal party begins to walk down the aisle. The brilliant shade of their lavender gowns almost distracts me, until I realize that the wedding is actually starting.

"You ready, Chloe?" my dad asks, as he leads me to the threshold.

My heart rate only goes up as everyone stands up from their benches, gawking at me. Who are all these people? I feel like I'm a stranger at my own wedding! The sound of the piano playing "Here Comes the Bride" is like an annoying alarm clock waking me up in the morning. Oh God, I really have to get out of here!

I already feel the burn of my mother's watchful eyes as I gracefully walk down the aisle. As I look at William, I automatically amile. My heart sinks when I realize that he is staring at me the same way my mother is, "cautiously." It is the type of stare a mother gives her child right before she thinks she is about to do something wrong, a look that is all too familiar.

My dad kisses me before he takes his seat along with my mother on the bench. Joining William at the altar is like joining him in a war zone. It is as if my whole life is being defined at this moment, as if nothing else has mattered up until this point.

The priest begins the sermon, but my head is too clouded with thoughts. I am almost relieved that my back is towards all the guests. The only person I can see is the priest. My hands don't stop haking, even as I attempt to block out the mass. All I can think of 15 how much my life is going to change, and sadly, how much of it is poing to stay the same. My thoughts are abruptly interrupted by the prior addressing the vows to William.

Oh no! What am I going to do? This can't be happening... I can't really be signing my life away to William right now!

William and I are facing each other now. The stern look in his eyes tells me he's aware that I'm scared. This infuriates me! How in he just stand there so calmly like that, in the home of God, and juit ind he loves me! He doesn't love me. He loves my persona. He have the idea of being married to a girl who has just as good a backpround as he does. My body stiffens, but my hands shake even Now the priest is even aware of the shaking, because he keeps my hands.

"Do you, Chloe, take William to be your lawfully wedded husband, in sickness and in health, for better of for worse, until doubt do you part?"

The question hangs in the air, but the question is more like a demand. Waves of memories start to flood my mind—all the times that I've been told what to do, all the dreams I've had to give up to plan other people, and all the ways I've had to sacrifice myself and my personality just to maintain a certain reputation.

William impatiently but silently sighs, a signal for me to get on with the vows. Even though I can't see my mom, her strong presence is very much apparent, and a lump starts to form in my throat. I try to convince myself that marrying William won't be so bad. I can't just leave him at the altar, and I can't bear to disappoint my mom like this, because I'd never hear the end of it.

I can hear a few guests nervously fidgeting in their seats, and letting out weak coughs. Disappointed by my imbalance of emotion and logic, I know that I have to add on to the pattern of people-pleasing that I have become accustomed to my whole life. This is it; I have to answer.

"I do."

Shadows

My Daniel Barry

Streetlights shine a glimmer of hope
On a vacant sidewalk, a beam
Of guidance on a darkened route.
Ont away shadows, expose
The way home,
Uning a sense of safety.
Unit beware!

And shadows and darkness are where worst fears lie.

Excerpt from Looking Back

By Chris D'Olimpio

This is an excerpt from a full-length screenplay in progress. It is a love story told in flashbacks while the couple is no longer together only to realize they still love each other. This scene is a flashback of the day they meet. As the scene opens, one of the leads. Dylan, is meeting his parents for dinner for the one-year anniversary of the death of his brother Ian.

INT: RESTAURANT. LATE AFTERNOON/ KARLY KVENING. CONTINUOUS.

DYLAN

[walking over to his parents already sitting down lunking at the menu] Hey, sorry I'm late.

NANCY

Where were you?

DYLAN

[taking his jacket off, putting it around the haf haf hand sitting down]

Just around the neighborhood. I went to a local en loca shop, sat outside and read a bit, and lost track of the time.

NANCY

[looking at the menu]
I see.

ALAN

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So, Dylan, how is the new spartment?

DYLAN

[opens up the menu and reads it]

Good. It's weird living alone for the first time. In college it was different because I had all of my friends there. But now nobody is really around. My neighbors seem nice though, so I guess I have some people to talk to if anything.

NANCY

[not really paying attention] That's nice, dear.

[The waiter approaches the table.]

CARTER

Hello, my name is Carter. I'll be your waiter this evening. May I start you with something to drink?

NANCY

I will have a glass of Merlot.

CARTER

And you, sir?

ALAN

What beer do you have?

CARTER

We have Bud, Bud Light, Coors, Coors Light, Sam Adams, Miller...

ALAN

[interrupting the waiter and sounding a bit like the commercial] I'll have a Sam Adams, please.

CARTER

Tap or bottle?

ALAN

Tap is fine.

CARTER

[looks at Dylan and they lock eyes and smile] And you, sir?

DYLAN

Um, I'll have a Captain and Coke.

CARTER

Okay, I'll be right back with your drinks.
[walks away and looks back and smiles at Dylan; Dylan smiles back]

NANCY

[still looking at the menu]
So, what book are you reading now, dear?

DYLAN

[closes and puts down the menu]
This book Perks of Being a Wallflower by Stephen Chbowsky.

NANCY

[looks up at Dylan] That's an interesting title. What's it about?

DYLAN

It's about this freshman or sophomore in high school who's writing letters to a friend about his experiences being a "wallflower," and how he becomes friends with these two kids, and their time together.

NANCY

[seems interested]
That does sound like something you'd like.
[looks back at the menu]

ALAN

[closes the menu and puts it down] What about work? Find a job yet?

DYLAN

Yeah. Mom didn't tell you? I'm a waiter at a café.

ALAN

[slightly disturbed]
In your area?

DYLAN

[ignores the way his father spoke] Yeah. It's better than working at a chain restaurant. I can't stand those kind of customers. They can be so uptight and pretentious.

ALAN

I agree with you on that one.

DYLAN

Plus it's near the apartment, so I can walk there and not have to take the train or anything.

ALAN

I remember the first job I had. It's where I met your mother.

[Dylan's father smiles at his mother and takes her hand. She looks up from the menu and smiles back.]

DYLAN

I know. You've told me and Ian this story a million times.

ALAN

You don't like it?

DYLAN

It's not that. I've just heard it so much I feel like if I hear it again I'll go insane.

NANCY

Dylan...

DYLAN

Sorry.

[He looks up and sees the waiter walking over with the drinks.] Here are our drinks.

[The waiter comes over with the drinks.]

CARTER

Here's your beer, sir.

ALAN

Thank you.

CARTER

Your wine.

NANCY

Thank you.

CARTER

And your Captain and Coke.

DYLAN

[looks at the waiter and smiles]

Thanks.

CARTER

[smiling back]

You're welcome. Are you ready to order?

ALAN

Yes. I think so. Are you ready, Nancy?

NANCY

Yes. I think I'm going to have Chicken Cacciatore.

[She puts down the menu.]

ALAN

Go ahead, Dylan.

DYLAN

I'm going to get the Chicken Caesar Salad. [places down his menu; Alan rolls his eyes]

CARTER

And you, sir?

ALAN

I'll have the Prime Rib Steak. [closes his menu and hands his and the others to the waiter]

CARTER

And how would you like that cooked?

ALAN

Medium, please. [takes a sip of his beer]

CARTER

Okay. Would you care for more bread while you wait?

ALAN

No, thank you.

[The waiter leaves.]

ALAN

Why do you always get a salad?

DYLAN

[annoyed, taking a sip of his drink]

Why not? I like it. I'm not really in the mood for anything else.

ALAN

It's just not a real meal.

NANCY

Alan, stop.

ALAN

I don't mean to criticize the boy.

NANCY

[taking a sip of her wine]

But you are, and he's not a boy.

ALAN

I just don't see why he can't order something like a steak. Something juicy that you can sink your teeth into and feel full after it.

DYLAN

[irritated]

Maybe I don't want to. Maybe I want to stick to what I like. Sorry if that's a problem.

ALAN

[firmly]

Don't start, young man.

DYLAN

[irritated still]

I'm not starting anything; I'm continuing it.

NANCY

He has a point, dear.

ALAN

Stay out of it, Nancy!

DYLAN

[raising his voice and slamming his hand on the table]
Don't talk to her like that!

[There is an awkward silence while people in the restaurant look at them.]

DYLAN

[calming down]

I'll be right back. I'm going to the bathroom.

[Dylan stands up, throws his napkin on the chair, and walks to the restroom.]

INT: Restroom of restaurant. Dylan washes his hands, then splashes water on his face. He takes two paper towels and dries his hands and face, then stares into the mirror. He exits the bathroom.

INT: Restaurant at the table. Dylan sits back down. The waiter comes over with the food.

CARTER

Your steak, sir. Chicken Cacciatore for you ma'am. And your salad. Would you like extra dressing on the side?

DYLAN

No, thanks.

ALAN

[noticing the attraction between Dylan and Carter] Why would he want extra dressing?

CARTER

Excuse me, sir?

NANCY

[trying to liven things up, smiling]
Nothing. We're all set now. Thank you.
[nudges Alan and mumbles]
Apologize to the waiter.

ALAN

[rudely] Sorry.

[Carter leaves giving Alan a dirty look.]

NANCY

[soothing]

Dylan honey, eat.

DYLAN

I'm not hungry now. I lost my appetite.

ALAN

[very stern]

Eat your food.

DYLAN

I said I'm not hungry.
[begins looking around for Carter]

ALAN

[cuts into the steak, looks up and sees what Dylan is doing, puts a piece in his mouth]

Who are you looking for?

DYLAN

The waiter. I want this to go.

ALAN

Curry College

[swallowing] Enough, Dylan. [sarcastically] Eat your "salad."

NANCY

[getting annoyed]

That's enough now, Alan.

[There is another awkward, but brief silence. Dylan picks at his food.]

NANCY

So, Dylan. Is there anyone new in your life?

ALAN

[firmly places his utensils down on the table] Can we not talk about that?

[Dylan glares at his dad.]

ALAN

Look, I just don't want to hear about all that.

DYLAN

You know, by now I thought you would have changed after all that's happened.

[sees Carter, signals for him]

ALAN

What do you mean?

[Carter walks over.]

DYLAN

You know god-damn well what I mean. You were like this when he was still around, and you're still like this. Haven't we gone over it enough!?

CARTER

[smiling]

Yes, sir?

DYLAN

Can I get this to go, please?

CARTER

Right away.

[He takes the plate of Dylan's salad.]

ALAN

Look, Dylan, I...

DYLAN

No, you look. I'm leaving...

[Dylan stands up, puts his jacket on.]

DYLAN

I'll call you later, Mom.

DYLAN

[Dylan walks to the door, bumps into the waiter.]

I'm sorry for that.

[Dylan exits.]

Downfall

By Ebony Vandross

A poison-tipped arrow Piercing Achilles' healthiest tendon

A binding hindrance Crippling the strongest of men

A mighty stopper Tainting the purest of blood in veins

A scorching shard of glass In the eye of the beholder

A driving spike In the side of your holiest of gods

A pair of jagged scissors Tearing open the toughest flesh

Torture could not pull the wisest of teeth from my head Words are my downfall

I Continue to Climb

By Matthew Walsh

"I Continue to Climb" was one of the first-place winners in Curry's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

Life comes down to one thing. Of course, I am speaking of experience. Don't we all share our life stories about our experiences? For me, the experience of being diagnosed with cancer shaped me as a person and played an enormous part in how I live my life.

Last year, in December, results came back positive, which meant I had malignant melanoma (skin cancer). Initially, I wasn't upset because I assumed something as little as skin cancer could be treated. Well, I soon found out that the cancer had spread to my lymph nodes. Suddenly, things were not okay anymore. I think my reaction was typical of most people's reactions. I've spent my life with the crazy mentality that nothing bad would ever happen to me. "No, I can't have cancer; I'm not the type of person that gets cancer!" It's ironic and, in a morbid way, kind of funny. We're all aware of experiences that can occur within our lives, yet we always seem shocked when they actually happen.

First, let us flashback to two summers ago. At the age of seventeen I was what you would call your average teenager. I hung out with friends, went to parties, and genuinely had a good time. I was an active student in my high school. For two years I was the president of the key club, and I spent four years as an active member of the high school drama club. Although my academics were never very strong, I was still a well-rounded individual. Like most kids my age, I just wanted to have fun. Then everything changed with one small mark on the center of my back.

I still remember the day like it was yesterday. My sister and I were just about to jump into our brand new pool on one of the hottest days of the summer, when all of the sudden my sister turned to me and asked what was on my back. At this point, I was aware of this growth, but honestly never gave it a second thought. Soon after,

it seems like everyone in the family wanted to see it. Everyone seemed to have their own opinions of what it was, or could be. Stupidly, against the advice of all of my sisters, I let it go. There was a new mole on my back that I had never seen before, and I just let it go. To this day, I wonder if my life would have been different had I checked it sooner. A month later, the mole had grown and was now raised off the skin. This was cause enough for concern. At this point, I wasn't familiar with what this could mean; the words skin cancer meant nothing to me. A quick trip to the local doctor and the mole was removed, never to be seen again. The doctor himself, whom I've been seeing my entire life, even was pleased with everything. However, procedure dictates that all removals are sent to a lab for further testing.

Now, skipping a few weeks ahead, I'll always remember being in class when my mom called my cell phone. "But, this makes no sense—she knows I am in class. Why is she calling me?" To me this meant something was wrong. I actually snuck out of class, found a hidden spot, and called my mother. "Damn it," there was no service in the building. But I heard a voice mail that changed everything. "Matt, it's mom. I need to bring you to the doctor's straight after school. The mole might not be nothing." Now, imagine hearing that on just a normal day of school. Then out of nowhere a teacher came looking for me and asked if I was Matthew Walsh. He told me that there was an emergency call at the office for me. Of course, it was my mother. So, we went, and to make a long story short, that told me it was melanoma. But there was no cause for concern: it could be removed; they just needed to do some routline surgery to remove the surrounding skin.

This already was an experience I didn't want. Well, afterward, two more surgeries were required because the cancer spread in my body and got my lymph nodes. Believe me, this made my past year one from hell! After the surgeries, which were spread out over all to eight months, I had to start chemotherapy. To give a sense of how tough this has been, let me just say that to this day I still receive themo three times a week. The first month I had to leave school every day and go sit in a chair for hours on end. Suddenly, I was forced to grow up! This meant no more fun at the school lunch

table, but a lonesome lunch at the doctor's surrounded by much older and sicker patients. For a month I did that every day. Although it may not seem long, it felt like forever. Now I go three times a week just for a quick shot. It all wouldn't be too bad, but the side effects are awful. They have calmed down quite a bit from the beginning, but they still really bother me. The best way I can describe it is like having constant flu. We all know the feeling: lightheaded, hot one minute, cold the next. Your body is shaking uncontrollably and you can't do anything about it. Well, I had that feeling every day of the week. I had a flu that just wouldn't go away.

I guess you just start to get used to it, but some things you never get used to. For instance, my immune system is a lot weaker than my peers', so my doctor told me if my friends even had colds, I couldn't be around them. I was never to share a drink or anything with anyone. All of this is still true today. I just get sick too easily. The worst part is that the chemo attacked my thyroid. This caused me to get very rundown, to the point where I walk a flight of stairs and I'm ready to pass out. I have difficulty breathing. Plus, I am now on so many medications that it does a number on my stomach, and eating isn't easy.

I can honestly say I hate it. I hate that I can't be a kid, and I hate that this disease chose me. I hate that I can't even run around with my little one-and-a-half-year-old nephew without needing to rest every minute so I don't fall over. One thing I will say though is I don't regret any of it. This has been an awful experience, and I wouldn't wish it upon anyone. However, because of this downfall, I have grown up so much and learned so much about myself and my own family. I know I am very strong, and I have people around me who care for me more than I would ever know.

If I have learned one thing, I can say it is that anything is possible! I learned that due to experience. As a people, we need to realize that nothing is guaranteed to us. Think about it, the only thing anyone is really promised is death. It is gloomy-sounding and unfortunate, but true. I've learned not to take life for granted. Now, that's not to say I feel I've been reborn and live each day to its fullest potential. However, I can say my eyes are a little clearer. I do recognize the fact that each day is a gift.

The most important thing I've learned it is to be grateful for my life. How many people actually sit down and say, "Wow, I'm lucky to be here!"? I'd be willing to bet there aren't too many. So you see experience shapes who we are. Again, having cancer hasn't totally altered my mentality on life, but the experience has clearly opened up my mind a bit more. I have been held back, but it has caused me to really think about what I want out of life, and helped me to go for it. The greatest part is that as I sit here, I have only four more weeks of treatment left. I have made it so far, and experience has taught me that I just need to hang on a little longer.

Familiar Stranger

By Kathryn Barry

He is...

intelligent,

and we meet

in an intelligent place,

like a library

or museum.

He is. . .

unrestricted attraction

I feel safe

to approach—

though words,

words seem futile

yet urgent. It is

urgent for me to know

this image

is not fantasy

but embodied

in the familiar stranger

who stands before me.

My Friend

By Megan Shea

Your body is the color of the sky Before a storm, and the calm Of the pristine blue ocean Enhances your peaceful nature. The squeaking of your Voice is like a laugh That goes on forever. When You open your mouth, All I can picture is a smile ear to ear.

Beneath it all, You are intelligent And friendly, willing To fly through the air As you show off your tricks. The waves that come crashing Up and down from all the Splashing are pure enjoyment.

If I could travel
The ocean on your back,
I would; swim beneath the
Surface of the fresh salt water
With you and the schools of fish,
I would; see the beautiful
Sights on the sandy bottom with you, I would.
I can see them now, the multicolor seashells
And coral of all different heights
And shapes. They are as perfect as you.

I'd hold on to your pointed fin And start an adventure, if I could; I'njoy a ride with the sun streaming down On our backs, or the moon illuminating A path for our destination.

The Borderline

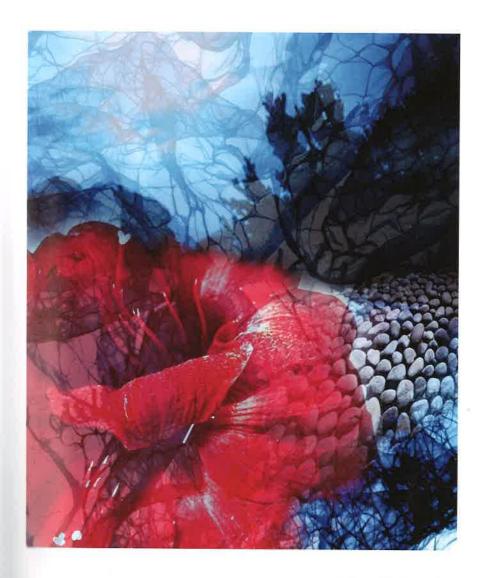
By Ed Mega

They're up on the front line Hiding under street signs We're on the sidelines Catching all them headlines Please Mr. No! Don't let them go. Please Mr. No! Don't let them go.

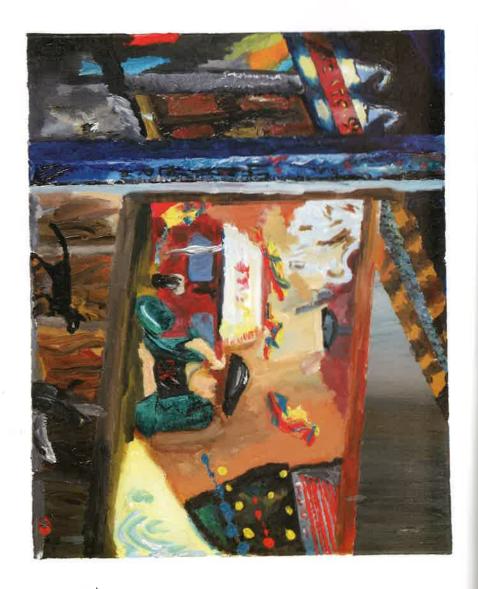
Won't you tell us does the blood Stain your soul? Do more deaths rattle your bones? Will the tarnished money bring you delight, Standing above everyone's life?

It's just another chapter in our history books. It's just another story—we're too ashamed to look.

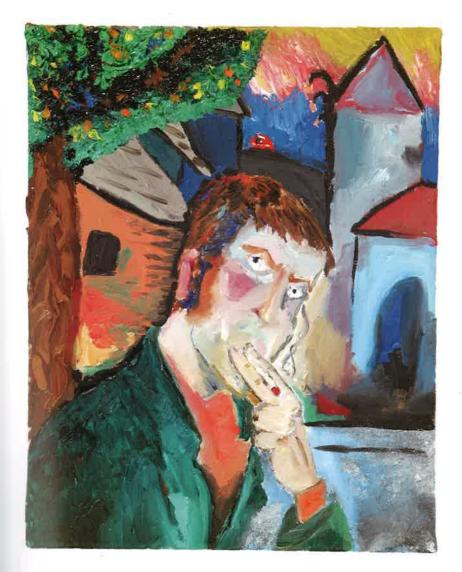
Please Mr. No! Don't let them go. Please Mr. No! Don't let them go. Don't let them go.



A Rose Under Water Megan Aufrecht Digital Imagery



Reflective Glass/Black Cats J. Kennedy Oil on Canvas



Ask Me Anything
J. Kennedy
Oil on Canvas



Untitled
Troy Spencer
Digital Imagery



Black Bug Mike Stone Charcoal on Brown Craft Paper





Untitled Marisa Kenney Oil on Canvas

40



Untitled Niki Kelley Pronto Plate Print



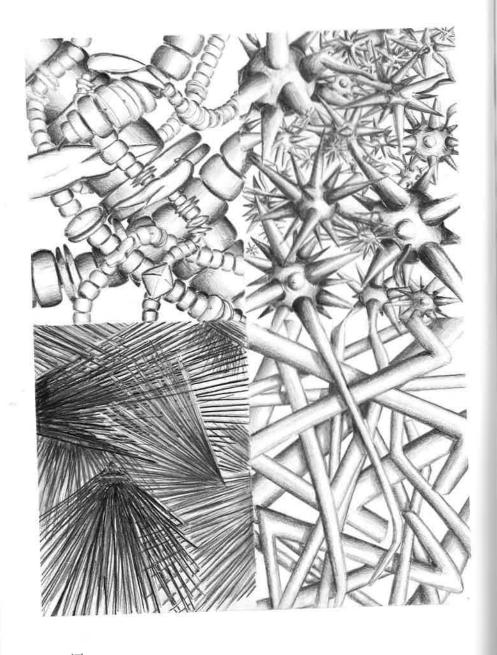
Untitled Niki Kelley Pronto Plate Print



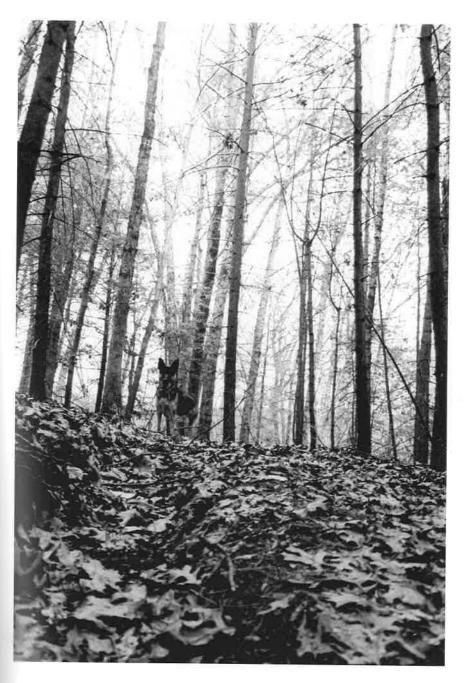


Untitled
Bronte Lambert
Ceramic

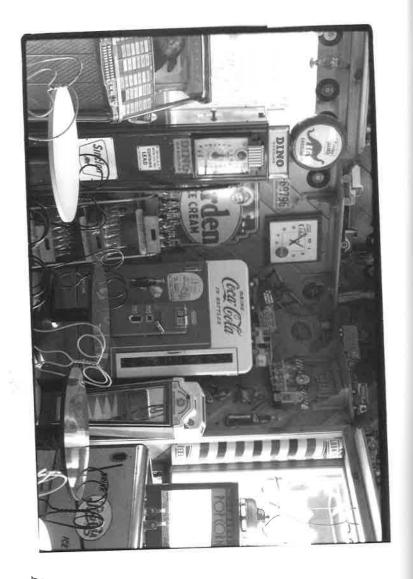
*Untitled*Christopher Alvarado
Woven Paper

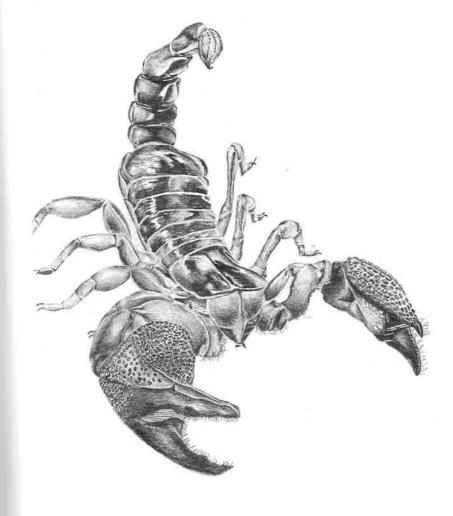


Untitled Marisa Kenney Pencil On Paper



King of the Mountain Alyssa Callahan Black and White Photography





Scorpio Jephthe Joseph Pencil on Paper

No Name Ice Cream Shoppe,
Murphy, NC
Rachel Mercer
Black and White Photography



Sugarloaf Emma Brake Watercolor and Paper

Untitled

By Molly Antonio

I would have
Woven intricacies across a page
Tangled plot and twisted words
Made a mountain of hills of rising action,
Conflict falling down to a resolution,
Strings re-sorted and gathered neat
Into tidy little balls

But I cannot
Spin a tale into a blanket and cover mankind
Hold a jagged mirror to a world
And sort out the pieces into a
Jigsaw puzzle of belonging,
Stretch time and space and character and depth
(Show how people change from what they were)
To fit a tome of stories knitted tight

Instead I
Sketch an image across a page
Painting worlds of words
A splash of color rainbow grey
An umbrella held against outpouring thoughts
A memory so sweet, here then gone so quick
Brief flashes of my mind, this world, these thoughts

Fishing on Lake Roderick

By Jeremy Hmura

Imagine getting up at 5:00 a.m. to start your day and being so excited to live life. That is how I feel when I am fishing at Chimo Lodge on Lake Roderick in Ontario, Canada. Situated fifty air miles northwest of Red Lake (approximately 290 miles northeast of Winnipeg, Manitoba), Lake Roderick is the most undisturbed and remote piece of wilderness I have ever visited. It is great to start the day by taking that first step out of the cabin and seeing the heavy layer of fog coming off the water. The air is cleaner than any other air I have ever breathed, and I especially love seeing the thick layer of steam that comes from my breath because the sun has yet to warm the air. The smell of dew is in the air as I wipe down the boat and start the engine. I am patiently waiting to throw that first line in the water.

As I slowly make my way from the dock, a little water from the wake splashes on my face. It sends a tingling feeling through my spine, and a sudden surge of energy comes over me. On the way to Thick's Bay, which is my favorite spot, I set my eyes on a group of three bald eagles soaring above my head. Their wingspan is magnificent, and they soar effortlessly through the sky, as if they do not have a care in the world.

I finally get to the spot, and my heart starts to beat like a drum. Reaching down in my tackle box to grab my favorite chartreuse jig, I pick my head up and suddenly pause in an eerie stillness. As I gaze down the shoreline, the colossal evergreen trees look as if they are growing right out of the water. The trees are fascinating because they are like the prison bars of the lake. Since there are no roads between Red Lake and Chimo, the only way to and from the lodge is by bush plane. Even though the trees keep me trapped from the rest of civilization, I feel a sense of security through the peace and stillness of the environment. I do not have a care in the world, and the petty problems that occur in everyday life back home seem

to fade away with the wind. Suddenly, a fish jumps out in the distance, and I quickly snap out of my daydream.

After I tie my jig onto the line, I tip it with a silver shad and cast into the mouth of the rapids that run into Thick's Bay. The current slowly picks my jig off the floor of the lake, and then proceeds to drag it over the rocks and eddies. Ever so gently, I give my line a short twitch to give the bait some action. I keep my hands as loose as possible so that the slightest nibble can be detected. Just as my bait begins to exit the flow of the stream, I feel a jerking pull through the end of my rod tip. Instantly, I give a firm tug on the line and set the hook. As I am reeling in, I can feel the fish swimming vigorously back to the rapids. The fish puts up a good fight, but I quickly reel it back to the boat and land the beautiful walleye. Then the process starts all over again.

Fishing is a great way to soothe the mind and body in times of stress. Getting away from work and other obligations and just being on the water is the greatest feeling in the world, and I feel as if my mind and body are one with nature. The pursuit of catching a trophy fish is quite intense. I cannot begin to describe the adrenaline rush when a monster northern pike or walleye hooks onto my lure and begins to rip out the line and bend the pole uncontrollably. Landing a monster fish gives me such a sense of accomplishment because I put a lot of time and effort into the process. Fishing is definitely an addiction.

After a few hours spent at my favorite spot, I catch a few nice walleyes and start to head back to clean them up for breakfast. On the ride back to the cabin, I realize that society should cherish remote wilderness areas like Chimo Lodge because they represent a beautiful serenity that cannot be experienced in the city. I know I will always remember this place no matter how old I get, and plan to keep going back every other summer for as long as I possibly can. These memories will always be locked in my mind, waiting for me to revisit them and spark my passion for fishing.

It All Began at Fenway

By Tricia Earnshaw

I hear the hum of the crowd In Fenway Park At my parents' first date. My father walks Down the stairs Towards my mother With popcorn and French fries. My mother eagerly waits For the batter to make a hit As my father takes the seat next to her, First date nervousness showing On his face. There is a moment When my mother looks At him with acceptance. They hear a whack and look up Hoping to see a homerun, But only see the pop-up Caught by the left out-fielder.

Little did they know, Little did they know: The brutal fights, The bitter split, The heart of a child Broken before it Fully developed.

Excerpt from Shared Guilt

By Michael Miceli

This year's Curry Arts Journal Practicum students have awarded this excerpt a special commendation for excellence in writing. The full-length play was performed March 31 to April 3, 2006 in the Little Theatre.

<u>ACT I</u>

ACT I, SCENE 1

The lights come up on a jail cell. There is a bed, a small desk with a shelf above it lined with a few books; a small toilet sits in the corner, and an even smaller sink next to it. The mirror above the sink is slightly dirty as is the rest of the cell.

Frank Cross shakes his head and opens his eyes. He sits up in bed and looks around.

VOICE: Sleeping is for the weak.

CROSS: For an instant I thought I was back home in my apartment, and for an instant I could almost taste the coffee and feel the warm breeze. Then I remembered; there wasn't any coffee, no breeze was coming, and I was a long way from anything I could call home.

VOICE: It's so fucking dirty in here.

Cross gets up and walks over towards a mirror on the wall.

CROSS: "Please shut up," I thought. Every day he plagued me. Anytime I tried to make the best of a shitty situation, he tried to make it worse. Which, at times, I didn't think was possible.

VOICE: You look like shit.

CROSS: I really couldn't disagree.

Cross reaches over and picks up a leather case and takes out shaving cream and a razor.

CROSS: We all had to be clean shaven here. With each stroke of the razor he had something to say.

VOICE: Don't cut yourself. You missed a spot.

CROSS: It happened almost every morning, so I didn't really pay it any mind.

Cross splashes his face with water and wipes his face.

CROSS: My gaze returned to the mirror only to see that I hadn't washed the guilt from my face.

VOICE: Nope. Still the same piece of shit you've always been.

Cross lowers his head as he leans against the sink.

VOICE: Depressed?

CROSS: No.

Curry College

VOICE: Well, you should be.

CROSS: (Looking up at the mirror) I met his guilt-ridden eyes.

VOICE: You should be.

Cross moves over to the bed. He reaches under it and pulls out a shoebox. He opens it up and takes out a pile of pictures.

CROSS: I should have been. But I wasn't. She never really understood me. I tried. God knows I tried, but it never helped. Sometimes I think I'm going to forget her name. Margaret. I loved her so much. I can remember her smile.

VOICE: She did understand, you know.

CROSS: Shut up, please.

VOICE: All too well, in fact.

CROSS: Shut up, shut up,

VOICE: It was you who didn't understand her.

Cross stands up and moves to a bookshelf. He grabs a book.

CROSS: I had to find something to shut him up, shut him out.

VOICE: You killed her, Frank.

CROSS: I was reading the Bible, drowning myself in a religion outdated and irrational.

VOICE: You killed her, Frank!

Cross throws the book aside in frustration.

CROSS: She killed herself!

VOICE: You don't really believe that, do you?

CROSS: I had nothing to do with it!

VOICE: You had everything to do with it! You cheated on her. You ignored her. You depressed her. Made her suicidal.

Cross takes one last look at a picture before putting them all back into the shoebox and back under the bed.

CROSS: She had her own problems.

VOICE: You caused them! And, she isn't sitting here in this cell, is she?

CROSS: No, but I didn't kill her.

VOICE: It was your gun.

CROSS: I didn't pull the trigger.

VOICE: No, but you basically loaded the gun and cocked the hammer.

Cross rubs his face and sighs deeply, defeated.

CROSS: I hate you.

VOICE: You hate yourself.

CROSS: It's not my fault.

VOICE: A court of law said otherwise.

Cross stands and crosses to the mirror. He leans on the sink and hangs his head.

CROSS: They were wrong.

VOICE: Your fingerprints were on the gun.

CROSS: (His voice cracks.) They were wrong.

VOICE: Then why do you question yourself all the time?

CROSS: I don't question myself. I question you.

VOICE: I am you, Frank.

Cross looks up at the mirror.

VOICE: I am you.

CROSS: (Cross looks down and shakes his head.) No you're not..., no you're not....

The lights fade.

ACT I, SCENE 2

Lawyer Grace Marrow sits at a table in a prison visiting room. She wears business attire, and a briefcase lies open on the table before her. She awaits her client, Frank Cross, who is just being led in by a guard. She stands as they enter. Cross, dressed in a prison jumpsuit, is led over to the chair opposite Marrow where he is forced to sit.

GUARD: Have a seat, Cross.

The guard signals to Marrow to join him in the corner of the room.

GUARD: Do I need to go over the rules with you again, counselor?

Marrow shakes her head at the guard and he exits. Marrow sits. Marrow and Cross, now alone, sit in silence for a moment.

MARROW: How are you, Frank?

CROSS: I've been better.

MARROW: Keeping busy?

CROSS: Writing letters.

MARROW: Really? To who?

CROSS: Does it matter?

MARROW: I guess not. Why did you want to see me? You know

our appeal didn't go through.

CROSS: I'm aware of that.

MARROW: Then what?

CROSS: Did you bring them?

Marrow reaches into her pocket and takes out a pack of cigarettes. She slides them across the table towards Cross who takes the pack and lights up a smoke. He breathes in deeply and exhales.

MARROW: Okay, Frank. I doubt you brought me here for cigarettes. Are you going to tell me?

CROSS: What's it like outside?

MARROW: Cloudy. It'll probably rain soon.

CROSS: I see. It's cloudy in here too.

MARROW: What are you talking about?

CROSS: Clouds, Grace. Clouds.

There's a moment of silence.

CROSS: It's cold here. It's always cold. Every day just gets colder and colder. I ask for warmth, but it never comes. I ask for death, but it'll never take me fast enough. I can't take it here anymore, Grace. The voices mock me at night, and now they've even begun to mock me during the day. I don't expect you to understand. You've never been in a situation like this, I'm sure. It slowly drives you insane. I can feel it sneaking up on me. The insanity. He's a man dressed in black, prepared to suck the last bit of life within me that I can call my own. I've come to realize that my life is already over. Oh, they signed a death warrant with my name on it, but my life ended the minute I was put in this awful place. The worst part is that I know I deserve to be in here. I pled innocent, but I'm as guilty as the night is dark. I did it. I've lied to everyone. Myself, my family, you. But I've always known in the darkest place in myself that I did it. I deserve to be here. Death waits for me at the end of this hell. But it doesn't come fast enough. It's as if, in this place, time stands still.

Cross stubs out what's left of his cigarette.

MARROW: Frank, I-

CROSS: Does it hurt?

MARROW: Does what hurt?

CROSS: (suddenly angry, slamming his fist down) The injection!

Does it hurt!?

MARROW: (startled, but quickly composes herself) They say it's the least painful method.

CROSS: Fuck.

MARROW: What?

CROSS: It should hurt. It should hurt like hell.

MARROW: Frank, what are you-?

CROSS: I did it.

MARROW: Did what?

CROSS: I killed her.

MARROW: Frank, we've been through this-

CROSS: I know what I did!

MARROW: You didn't-

CROSS: I deserve to be in here! I deserve what's coming to me!

There's another silence.

MARROW: Why did you want to meet with me, Frank?

CROSS: I needed someone to talk to.

Yet another silence.

CROSS: Have you ever watched a candle just as it goes out?

MARROW: (After taking a brief moment) I think so.

CROSS: That last flicker of light before it dies?

MARROW: Yes...

CROSS: That's where I am. That's where I see her every night. Little by little each day I feel the guilt crawling up my neck like a spider. I didn't pull the trigger, but I killed her. Took away her life. Made her feel empty. MARROW: Frank you aren't responsible-

Suddenly, Cross leaps from his chair and pins Marrow up against the wall, holding her by her shirt collar.

CROSS: I killed her, Grace! Me! I did! And I will not dishonor her memory by pretending I wasn't responsible.

The guard, having heard the commotion, steps in. He forces Cross down to the ground and pins him on his stomach.

MARROW: Wait! Wait. Let him up.

GUARD: Ms. Marrow, I'm supposed to-

MARROW: I know what you're supposed to do. Let him up.

The guard eases off of Cross who stands and slowly backs away from the guard.

GUARD: Ms. Marrow...

MARROW: I'll take full responsibility if anything happens.

The guard nods and moves to leave.

GUARD: Are you sure you're okay?

MARROW: We're fine. Step outside.

GUARD: Maybe I should stay-

MARROW: Step outside, officer.

The guard obeys and the two are alone once again. Marrow collects herself, sits back down, and gestures to the chair across from her.

MARROW: Please, sit down, Frank.

Cross does. He puts his face in his hands for a moment then looks up. There's a moment of awkward silence.

MARROW: Did I ever tell you my father was a reverend? Thirtyfive years. Every Sunday we'd go to church and I'd listen to him talk. He'd have all these great stories to tell. When he spoke...the entire congregation listened. I mean really listened. His favorite story was about this one man. He goes blind at the age of forty, and because his family can't care for him, he gets put into a home. Now this man has a roommate. This old guy who had Parkinson's. Every day the blind man would ask his roommate what he could see out the window. And every day the roommate would tell him about the beautiful park that was across the street. He could see children playing, dogs with their owners, picnics. Every day the blind man would ask, and every day this guy would give him the same answer. One day, the blind man's roommate left. He went to some other home closer to family members I think. And when he asked his new roommate what was outside the window, his roommate said, "Nothing. There's nothing here but a blank wall." The blind man's window faced another section of the home. There wasn't a park with kids and dogs. All you could see was this wall. The blind man was devastated. The whole time he was in that home, he had the image of happiness right across the street. But it wasn't really there. And when that feeling was gone, he was empty. He had nothing left. And that's how you are, Frank. You feel as if you have nothing left. But you do. Life. You have that inside you. No one can take that away from you if you fight and don't let them. I know you're innocent. And I think, deep down, you know you are too. Don't let them destroy your happiness. Because in here, that's the only thing that can help you survive. It's the only thing that can make you believe.

CROSS: Believe in what, Grace?

MARROW: Yourself.

CROSS: Can I ask you something?

MARROW: Sure, Frank.

CROSS: Why do you want to help me? Why do you come here whenever I call? Why do you go out of your way to help a death row inmate?

MARROW: That's a hard question to answer.

CROSS: I thought it was fairly simple.

MARROW: For any other lawyer it would be. For any other case it would be. (*She sighs.*) Any other lawyer would tell you they are bound by an oath to serve you to the best of their ability. Any other lawyer would tell you they have a responsibility to represent their client.

CROSS: But you're not any other lawyer. And I'm not your client anymore.

Marrow is silent.

CROSS: So, my question still stands.

MARROW: I never claimed to be the best lawyer, Frank. I've lost a few clients to death row. Most of them deserved the guilty verdict they got. And to be perfectly honest, I'd be lying if I said I was disappointed to see them go. But you are different, Frank. I know you're innocent. I've compiled all the evidence, just not in time. And now, you are going to die, and it's all my fault. I didn't defend you well enough. Didn't listen enough. I didn't do something enough. I'm going to hell because I'm a murderer and I'm looking my victim in the face. I have a daughter, Frank, and I can't look into her eyes without being reminded of the guilt I've felt every day

since that judge's gavel fell. Visiting you and helping when I can may help clean my conscience slightly, but I know, no matter how hard I scrub, I'll never be able to wash the blood from my hands.

CROSS: ... Guilt.

A moment of silence.

MARROW: Guilt...

They sit in silence.

The Unspoken Language of Speaking in Public

By Kathryn Barry

The drumming in my ears beats the pulsating beat.
My limbs predictably begin to perform a tap dance.
Breathing, no longer being effortless, adds to my panic.

I am up next...

All this uncertainty: in myself, in my knowledge, in who I am—raw insecurities for my "peers" to judge

as if judgment wasn't endured every second of every moment of every day, carried out by means of myself, the biggest critic.

"Kathryn Barry..."

Expectant eyes slowly turn in my direction.

I am numb.

For Kimberly

By Molly H. Howard

Your smile could light up a room, and your determination made me look up to you. You worked hard and played hard. You made life seem so amazing and so worthwhile. So why were you the one to go?

Now your presence is all around me. When I drive past the scene of your accident, all I can think about is that horrible night, that phone call...

and how much pain
you must have been in. I saw your car
on the news and couldn't believe it—
your basketball sneakers, the ones you were so
excited about getting, were on the floor next to your feet.

You were such a beautiful girl, such a hard-working person. Black, white, or blue, everyone was important to you.

Singing to music, going to parties together, watching you play basketball ... all gone in the blink of an eye. It's just not fair—I didn't get to say good-bye.

When I saw you two days before you died, you told me that you loved me and that we'd see each other soon.

Little did I know that the next time I would see you in a casket.

It didn't even look like you.

They buried your body the next morning. I threw a rose down on your casket, and that was the last time I saw you, my roommate, my friend.

But I guess there is one positive outcome to this tragedy. You're up in heaven now with your daddy, the place you always wanted to be. So good-bye, Kimberly. I'll see you around. I love you and miss you. I'm out.

Collation

By Molly Antonio

new snow, pale stars, dark skies white black white black white contrast sharp walk slow - crunch, crunch think of fire burning cold clean crisp - ragged not like grief (blurred edges seeping into every pore)

The Things I Write

By Brian O'Neil

Tired of writing, my hands feel as if they don't exist, running across the keys in perfect form, transposing letters into words and phrases.

Some of the things I write aren't necessarily what I mean. Some of the things I've thought aren't what I believe.

Some words form sentences whose structure is controlled, so reading from line to line we watch a story unfold,

running across the page in perfect form. Still, some of the things I say don't come out right.

My words get in the way.

A Usual Day of Tree Work

By Graham Becker

"A Usual Day of Tree Work" was one of the first-place winners in Curry's First-Year Writing Prize Competition. It also received a special commendation for excellence in writing from this year's Curry Arts Journal Practicum students.

We, my fellow loggers and I, start off the day and every day at 7:00 a.m. Of course, I ride in the middle, or as they call it, "the bitch seat." Every mornin's the same. Dustin will light up a Marlboro cigarette, which by now I'm used to, but some days the aroma just overwhelms me and causes a terrible throbbing pain on the left side of my head. Anyways, we'll get out of the truck and head into the CITGO gas station off 140. I'll get the usual breakfast, not the healthiest of choices, but it'll hold; every mornin' I'll get a bottle of 2% milk, which is the healthiest side of my breakfast. Next come the Krispy Kremes. Every mornin' I question whether I should get them; it's like an itch way too deep not to scratch, the tasty center of the cream-filled donut glazed with layer upon layer of chocolate just asking to be eaten. I run through the consequences of eating them: (one) what work I'll be doin' today, (two) how hot it'll be outside, (three) who's my foreman, (four) whether a spot-a-pot will be at the job site. I decide to get three of the donuts anyways just because it's been a rough mornin'; tropical storms have passed through the last couple days. It'll be a good fourteen-hour day today, and I'll hit forty hours on a Wednesday, which probably means I'll be getting a pretty good paycheck this week with fifty hours under my belt.

I walk out of the CITGO with my milk in one hand and a bag of Krispy Kreme donuts, head to the truck, place my prized possessions on the foot rail, and start to give the truck a drink of diesel. The fumes of the diesel gas are somewhat comforting as I stand there leaning on the foot rail. I take a bite of my donut; it hits the spot; there's a slight taste of diesel fluid, but I shrug it off. I reach for my milk and take a deep breath. I can see the air come from my

mouth; it's a frigid mornin', and it makes me question why I do this job. I'm eighteen years old and working my ass off each and every day over the summer, while the rest of my friends are sleeping. As I go to bed at night, which is usually around nine o'clock, after a twelve- to thirteen-hour day, everyone else is getting ready to go out and party. Whatever.... At least by the end of the summer, I'll be rich, or if I die today at work, I'll die rich. Last week I was taking hangers out of a sycamore at this cement factory in Carroll County and my belay hitch came untied somehow. I was about thirty-five feet from the ground and out about fifteen feet on a limb. I heard the jingle of the pulley fly down the rope like a bullet shot out of a gun, and now whenever I'm doin' work up in a tree the sound is always echoing in my head. I screw the cap back in place and climb into the truck with my 2% milk and two and a half Krispy Kremes.

Paul, my foreman, fires up the truck, and we head out of the gas station and turn onto 140. Every mornin' it's like a ritual: we all love 98 rock; we love to hear the news and what things they say about Michael Jackson and how he should have become a priest and not a pop singer. The drive is long and borin'; the only thing that keeps me awake is the constant noise of Guns N' Roses and AC/DC. We're working down on Butler Road, right in the heart of Glyndon. I look at the job order, and we get to prune eight huge pin oaks which are about fifty foot tall a pop. These trees are possibly the worst ever-the gnarly texture of the bark and the way each branch gets so entangled is beyond me. The frustration of trying to get each branch to cooperate just rises as the day goes on. If I had the chance to go back in time to change one thing, that one thing would be to rid this country of pin oaks and put them all in Iraq and Afghanistan. The limbs poke and stab you at every attempt you make to put them into the chipper. When I finally manage to untangle myself and get that one limb into the chipper, I can't help but smirk and then chuckle as I watch it meet its doom as the branches are chopped into thousands of little pieces. Prunin' these trees is just as hard. When you're prunin' a normal tree like a red oak or a walnut, you start at the top of the tree. Well, when you're prunin' a pin oak you have to start at the bottom and work your way up, then work your way back down again because the damn

branches keep getting tangled up in the tree after you cut them off. It's like they don't wanna go anywhere, so whenever you have to prune a pin oak you have to climb twice as much. It may not sound like a whole lot, but when you have to prune eight of these damn things that are fifty foot each, it builds up. Stayin' sane while workin' on pin oaks is beyond me.

We start to hit traffic when we pass this rundown golf course to our right; all the greens seem to be submerged in water by the tropical storms from the nights before. The grass is puke green, and tire tracks from golf carts appear to have sunken in the ground a good four to six inches. We enter Glyndon, and I see the damage of the storms: trees are uprooted; fifty-foot leads are split like little twigs; a white oak that we worked on a couple days ago is split in two from lightning. What a waste of work. We spent a whole day working there, but it looks like we'll be back again.

The road isn't even visible from the truck; leaves, branches, and trash cover the road unmercifully. I hear the annoying sound of the Nextel phone being paged. I've gotten pretty used to that noise. It usually means we're going to have to turn around and go do some crane removal where the tree is so big we need to bring in a crane in order to disassemble it. Paul answers it, and it's good news; we get to go into Ellicott City to do storm damage. We pull a U-turn over the shrapnel from the night before and head in the other direction, out of Reisterstown, out of Glyndon, and away from the pin oaks.

Revolutionary Ideology

By Daniel Barry

Something has sparked inside of me,
A revolution of ideas and new thinking.
I cannot explain it anymore than I can understand it.
I feel as if I've shed my skin.
The dawn of a new way of thinking has risen
And put to rest a feeling of utter oppression,
A bad dream I couldn't shake.
These chains I once bore lie broken on the ground.
The dawn of a new day has finally arrived!

My Cape House

By Kathryn Barry

Crossing the threshold of my youth
I am swathed in the comforting scent of stale mildew.
It has gone unoccupied for months,
my Cape house.

I begin the perpetual ritual of putting things back where they belong: righting the wrongs of misplaced photos, amending the homes of my treasured seashells, properly remaking beds the renters haphazardly threw together.

In the closing stages of restoration I meander to the backyard and gaze at the patches of pine needles and ivy ruthlessly choking out the ambitious bits of grass where countless Wiffle balls have been forgotten.

In the distance I hear the lapping waves of Red River Beach retelling the accounts of a past time.

The surf hums the sounds of vacation which resonate all through my being.

Inhaling the pungent oceanic aromas I release all that hinders me from peace of mind.

It is here where I can just be.

Untitled

By Molly Antonio

and to hear the bells you'd think the day is dying and life is measured by the chimes and ticks of a numbered face

sixty seconds sixty hours sixty years and there's your life

but i think life is more than carefully measured math more than calculated notches on a round face more than numbers can convey

(because i feel time like the wind, rushing onward and past and sweeping me up)

but to hear the bells you'd think the day is dying when the night has barely begun it's time to smash the clocks it's time to wake up and live

Contributors' Notes

CHRISTOPHER ALVARADO

Christopher Alvarado just graduated with a major in Visual Arts and a minor in Music. He lives in Braintree, Massachusetts and is currently a graphic designer for a company called TechTarget.

MOLLY ANTONIO

Curry Arts Journal poet and editor Molly Antonio is from East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

MEGAN AUFRECHT

Megan Aufrecht is a senior majoring in Visual Arts with a concentration in Graphic Design. She is also involved with the *Currier Times* newspaper, where she writes and edits articles about events on campus.

DANIEL BARRY

Daniel Barry is a sophomore Politics and History major from Manomet, Massachusetts.

KATHRYN BARRY

Kathryn Barry is a recent graduate of Curry College. She plans to go on to graduate school to study Sociology. In the meantime, she plans to write and nurture what inspires her.

GRAHAM BECKER

Graham Becker was born and raised in Sparks, Maryland, which is out in the country. He enjoys hunting and mountain biking, and is surrounded by people that are characters in his story.

EMMA BRAKE

Emma Brake is a junior from Kittery, Maine. In fall 2006, she transferred to the University of Southern Maine to study Nursing.

ALYSSA CALLAHAN

Alyssa Callahan is majoring in Criminal Justice and minoring in Psychology. Originally from Connecticut, she spends most of her summers working on the Cape. She would like to thank Riley for being her inspiration, along with her family, J.T., and Amanda for being her muse.

CHRIS D'OLIMPIO

Chris D'Olimpio graduated in May 2006 with a major in Communications, concentrating in Film Studies, and a minor in English. From fall 2002 to spring 2006, he served as a staff member of the *Currier Times* newspaper, and was editor in chief during his senior year. He aspires to write scripts and work in the film industry and in journalism.

SARAH ELIZABETH DUKESHIRE

Sarah Elizabeth Dukeshire is still curious to know where she is going to be after school, and hopes to open her own salon in the future. Art has always been in her life, and is in her blood. She is grateful to her family and friends for all their support in everything she does.

TRICIA EARNSHAW

Tricia Earnshaw graduated this year with a Bachelor of Arts in English. A member of the *Curry Arts Journal* staff since her sophomore year, she took the spring semester off to concentrate on moving out into the real world. She will miss the writing and editing experience she has had at Curry, but will continue to write as long as she can.

HEATHER E. HARRINGTON

Heather E. Harrington is now a senior majoring in Visual Arts, with a concentration in Graphic Design, and minoring in Dance. Junior year was the hardest year for her. She had a lot of work that needed to be accomplished in addition to performing in the dance performance. She would like to thank all her family and teachers for their help, support, and encouragement in pursuing her goals.

JEREMY HMURA

Jeremy Hmura is a sophomore from New Lenox, Illinois. He plays hockey at Curry and enjoys golfing in the off-season. He loves traveling to northwestern Ontario to go fishing. Although he is a Management major, he enjoys writing and plans to minor in English.

MOLLY H. HOWARD

Molly is currently a senior at Curry double-majoring in Early Childhood Education and Integrated Liberal Studies. Molly would like to thank her mother for always believing in her, and she would also like to dedicate her work to Kimberly R. Craft, her loving friend and roommate whose life was taken too soon.

TARA JONES

Tara Jones is a senior majoring in Psychology with a minor in Writing. She enjoys writing because it allows her to be creative and lets her share what she has to offer.

JEPHTHE JOSEPH

Jephthe Joseph is a transfer student from Delaware State University majoring in Graphic Design. He came to Curry to play football and to have a more productive career in Graphic Design. He has just started drawing and will continue to advance his drawing skills.

AVANELL "NIKI" KELLEY

Niki Kelley is a senior majoring in Visual Arts with a minor in Management. She enjoys printmaking and working with computer graphics. She wants to say thank you to her instructors, who have encouraged her to go beyond the limits and to experience new things, especially in the Visual Arts.

J. KENNEDY

Who I am isn't important. I am just another Bostonian whose work truly solidified after getting drunk in Boston. The work is I, and I am the work. I am a mystery even to myself. I am just a moment in time. I will exist in the swirling existence on the streets of Boston because that's what I know and all I am.

MARISA KENNEY

Marisa Kenney is a sophomore Visual Arts major from Framingham, Massachusetts.

BRONTE LAMBERT

Bronte Lambert is a senior majoring in Criminal Justice and minoring in Sociology. She spends her time going to church, drawing, hanging out with her two daughters, reading, and currently writing a book. At the Morning Star Baptist Church in Mattapan, Massachusetts, she is involved in the Junior Christian Youth Fellowship, Joyful Noise, and the Adult Choir Ministry. She also volunteers for Little People's Playhouse childcare. She would like to thank her late brother Antionio L. Lambert for being an inspired artist; his work encourages her to pursue art, which was his passion.

ED MEGA

Ed Mega, a sophomore from Mansfield, Massachusetts, studied abroad last year.

RACHEL MERCER

Crawling out from the small suburban town of Southborough, Massachusetts, Rachel decided to attend Curry College to pursue her love for music. She is majoring in communications and is an active member of the Curry College radio station. Besides photography, Rachel enjoys drawing and painting and is a muscle car enthusiast.

MICHAEL MICELI

Michael Miceli, a Connecticut native, has been an avid writer for years. He is an English major who enjoys writing plays, short stories, and song lyrics. *Shared Guilt* is his first full-length play, and he is proud to have part of it presented in the *Curry Arts Journal*. Mike is currently working on two more plays, a comedy called *One and a Half Drinks* and a drama called *A Son Lost*.

BRIAN O'NEIL

Brian O'Neil is a 2005 graduate of Curry. He was an active participant in getting the *Curry Arts Journal* where it is today. He is currently in the process of getting some of his other poems together to place in a compilation he'd like to get published.

MEGAN SHEA

Megan Shea, Class of 2005, has now joined her place in the working world. She still enjoys writing on the side. She likes writing just about anything, but her focus right now is to finish up a children's book and a novel that she started in school and has not yet put away. Who knows? Maybe one day they will make her famous!

TROY SPENCER

Troy Spencer is a junior Visual Arts major from Caseo, Maine.

MIKE STONE

Mike Stone is a junior Visual Arts major concentrating in Graphic Design. He is from Providence, Rhode Island.

EBONY VANDROSS

Ebony Vandross graduated from Curry College in the spring of 2006 and plans to take an extensive three-month nap following said graduation. She enjoys snow cones and mentally unstable pets.

MATTHEW WALSH

Matthew Walsh is entering his second year at Curry. He's always loved to write and really gotten to explore that passion here. The piece he submitted was probably his most challenging to write. It is very personal, and he wanted it to be just right. It's hard to write about yourself, and having this piece in the *Journal* means a great deal to him. He hopes to continue to create works on this level and see where it takes him.

Curry Arts Journal Submission Guidelines

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, script excerpts, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Each submission must be accompanied by a submission form. Forms are available in Drapkin Student Center, Levin Library, Hafer and Kennedy Academic Buildings, and the Faculty Building. Please staple or paperclip a completed form to each submission and include your name on the back of the work. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We strongly suggest that you have your literary pieces edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Essential Skills tutor before turning them in to the Curry Arts Journal. Submissions can be sent or delivered to the Curry Arts Journal mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and be asked to send us a MS Word formatted disk and/or email attachment of your entry. For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at ext. 2157 or at kdamato@curry.edu. We look forward to hearing from you!

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